

THROUGH THE NORTH WOODS

ALONG THE BOREAS, THE HOME OF DEER
AND SPECKLED TROUT.

III.

THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

WHEREIN SPECKLED TROUT AND LOVELY
WOMAN SHOW POINTS OF MARKED RE-
SEMBLANCE—TALES OF THE GUIDES.AND HOW THEY MUST BE RE-
CEIVED—FLOATING FOR

DEER AT MIDNIGHT—

MENACING SOXIES

AND SHAPES.

(FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.)

The Sacrament, Long Lake, Sept. 15.—It is the prime purpose of this correspondence to describe where in these mountains good hunting and fishing may surely be found. There is much of both, but neighborhoods vary in the quality of such attractions, and, to be found in their perfection, one must go to some little trouble. There is a line of mountain road extending from the Schron River west to Long Lake and running through the wildest part of the great forest, almost every mile of which is of genuine interest to sportsmen. Not many know the road, and it is not a very direct one, either, as they are hidden in the densest forest and are to be come at by trails, which the inexperienced would find somewhat too vaguely drawn for his security. But nowhere east of the Missouri can better sport be obtained than in and around the ponds and lakes on either side of this wild and rocky mountain road.

The game to be had is chiefly deer and the fish chiefly trout, and what more does a man want, unless his tastes run to what the managers of the Philadelphia Zoological Garden advertise as "Lions, Tigers And-So-Forth?" Of course, if he wants lions or tigers

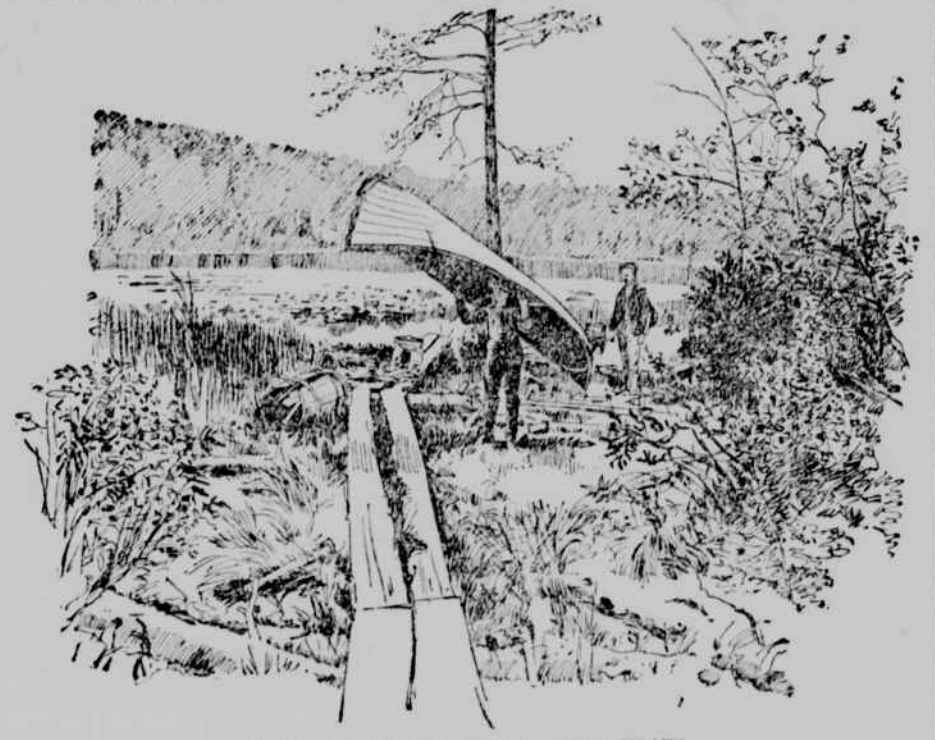
of the Union Pacific. It is the road from which, by stage, Schron on the east and Blue Mountain Lake on the west, are both got at, and its northern terminus, North Creek, is just south of the center of the wagon road from Schron River to Long Lake, the attractions of which are being developed. There are several convenient bases of operation for hunters and fishermen along this road. There are no summer resort hotels, except at either end, and although a good day's sport can be had from these, a day must be lost in going to places where the sport is to be found and another day in coming away from them. The guides at Schron Lake and Long Lake are, moreover, singularly uninformed concerning the ponds and forests around this road. It is so little known that they have not yet acquainted themselves with the trails. The best way of managing is to take the stage at Port Henry or North Creek and drive directly to the Boreas postoffice. There is here a sort of tavern or hostelry, kept by a man named Dunlap, who used to be a guide, and knows the mountains from end to end about as well as any one could. From Dunlap's every good fishing and hunting ground is within easy reach.

The outfit a man requires for a week or two of sport in the mountains naturally depends a good deal on the man, but what he ought to require is more easily told. He should have his rifle, or shotgun, if he is not used to a rifle, his ammunition, his fishing tackle, two suits of underclothing, a reasonably heavy outside suit, which he does not expect to use thereafter, unless for a similar expedition, and two blankets. Plenty of matches, plenty of string, a pocket compass and a bottle of whiskey are all the other things he is likely to need. What more he takes may prove occasionally convenient, but will be sure to prove generally a burden. A trunk may be stored somewhere, as at one of the hotels, and its contents may serve a useful purpose now and then, but hunters and fishermen want but little here below if the deer come out and the fish bite. The ideal hunt, of course, is one that goes deep into the forest, far beyond the chance of getting back at night to a shingled roof and a sheeted bed. A canvas tent is the first requisite of this happy experience, and a guide who knows how to cook for a civilized stomach the second. I don't know but that the guide who can cook comes first, for, as has been metrically remarked, most of the

The lakes and ponds along this Boreas road which a sportsman can profitably visit are almost innumerable. East of the magnificent Boreas Mountains on the north side of the road, and at a point about five miles from it, is Elk Lake. There are no elk there, and probably never were. Indeed, none of my guides, in his wildest flight of fancy, ever suggested that elk had at any time within the knowledge of white men, roamed the Adirondack. They say that there used to be some moose, and it is generally agreed that the last one was killed about thirty years ago on the Marion River, between Hammett Lake and Lake Otawaga. But nobody professes to have seen or heard of an elk. Elk Lake is a trout pond. So is Clear Pond, about two miles south of it, and the Branch, flowing out of these waters and emptying into the Schron River, in the spring and early summer furnishes as fine trouting as can be had anywhere. The

sell. In preventing the sale of venison, and in regulating the sport of hunters from abroad, the law fully and efficiently performs its mission. But not many hours are wasted after the 15th of August has arrived before the sharp reports of rifles crack in the night air. The deer by this time have taken to coming down to the water rather late. They feed later all the time as the season advances, and not many are down by the middle of August before midnight. But they come on until early dawn they are liable to be come upon at any of the many meadows their taste favors. The guides know these places well, and how to get there. On the darkest nights and the best night for "picking" it is as black as a coal and as still as a vacuum—such a night they can steal along through winding chalets with overhanging trees and projecting rocks and fallen logs all around them, and make no more noise than muskrat.

It is rather a weird performance, and one for which the imaginative man is not precisely fitted. He is liable to see too many other things than deer. The hunter sits in the box of his boat, faces it as it moves, with his gun across his knees



HOW THE GUIDES CARRY THEIR BOATS.

(Photographed by Stoddard.)

Branch for twelve miles is a continuous rapid and a superb mountain stream. It roars and dashes and jumps down through a picturesque and romantic country, and rejoices the vision with scenery that one might go a long way over the earth to match.

The heart of the wilderness and the best of the sport are reached when you have come to Dunlap's at the Boreas. Here is the great divide of the wilderness, the point from which the water flows in all directions. Here are the headwaters of the Hudson and the sources of the lakes that flow into the St. Lawrence. Whether approached from one point of the compass or another, the route to the Boreas is a steep ascent, and your home when you have got there is in the highest dwelling-house in the State of New-York, 2,517 feet above sea level, and in a land of half-summer frosts. The golden-roof is pretty, but it grows on a thin and very stony soil, and of the trees only the mighty evergreens look as if they were in the land of their glory. All around the Boreas there are cold brooks where even in August the trout are reasonably sure to bite well, and about five miles in through the forest are two ponds, Wolf Pond and Moose Pond, where all that

and his jack-lantern where he can get it with the slightest noise and in the very moment of time. The guide, with his ears shinned, and moving the boat with a muffled paddle only, sits stern. If there is any word blowing you must move against it, for the deer's olfactory arrangements are without a superior, and if you let the wind give him warning you will never get near enough to him to get a shot. His ears, too, are amazingly acute, and he seems intuitively to distinguish between sounds which to human ears are alike. He knows the dip of an ear from every other touch upon the water, and the tip in a boat wakes from every other parting of the waves. But his eyes, like those of every other animal that sees best at night, are easily deceived, and if you can place him where he is compelled to depend on them alone for information, you will have him at a disadvantage, and to do this well is the high art of "picking."

The pack, as you will imagine, is the lantern. If it is what it ought to be, it is a ball of fire, fixed in a helmet, to be worn in place of your hat, shielded by a well-fitting but easily moved screen. The first intimation of a deer's presence is apt to be conveyed by the sound of a soft and steady rubbing, such as browsing cattle make in a meadow. You will hear a hundred other sounds before this, and such sounds. From far back in the forest will come a noise like the barking of a disappointed monster dog, and when to your whispered inquiry what it is, the guide responds, "An owl, you almost feel insulted. You were



LOW TIDE IN A TROUT STREAM.

(Photographed by Stoddard.)

is wild and native can be found in something suggestive of profusion.

There are four approved ways of hunting deer. The earliest is "picking." The next is driving him with dogs, the fairest, manifest and most interesting. The third is by tracking him through the snow, and the fourth is by working him with a salt-lake. The game law, an extremely arbitrary but useful statute, has, without doubt, created to preserve the deer. It may be questioned whether any would now be alive but for the protection this law has afforded. Deer are great breeders, and they require but little intervention to develop in amazing numbers. They are now as thick in the mountains as any of the oldest guides remember them to have been, even before the advent of railroads. Naturally, they are not as well distributed. But mountains are comparatively full of them from half a century ago not one could be thrashed out with the aid of the best hound to be had, and they are even in drives at night grazing in streams where they have not before been seen within a generation.

The law allows the killing of deer from August 15 to November 1, but bounding is permitted only

sure it was a royal Bengal tiger at the very best. Then you will hear splashes. It will seem as if everything in the water, preliminary to your approach, has got out and has stationed itself on the bank, on the overhanging heights of trees, on every other convenient place, for the purpose of playing the deuces with your nerves by diving and dropping, tumbling and springing into the water, within three feet of your waiting gun. "What's that?" you ask suddenly. "Nothing but a frog," the guide replies, and you can hear his quiet chuckle. "What's that?" you say, again, a moment later. "Beckon it's a rat," he answers. "But, great Scott! what's that?" You demand again, and if you haven't "got the moose on him" pretty nighly, it's ten to one he'll say, "Well, I ain't no whole nower, you kin count on that."

It is at best when all these sounds have become familiar and when the swartly shapes on either side of the boat have taken on and taken off their dreadful mask, when the guides of them on every other convenient place, for the purpose of playing the deuces with your nerves by diving and dropping, tumbling and springing into the water, within three feet of your waiting gun. "What's that?" you ask suddenly. "Nothing but a frog," the guide replies, and you can hear his quiet chuckle. "What's that?" you say, again, a moment later. "Beckon it's a rat," he answers. "But, great Scott! what's that?" You demand again, and if you haven't "got the moose on him" pretty nighly, it's ten to one he'll say, "Well, I ain't no whole nower, you kin count on that."

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MOONLIGHT ON THE RAQUETTE.

(Photographed by Stoddard.)

during the month from September 15 to October 15. So far as such laws are ever obeyed, this is. The mountaineers, of course, who live the year around in their little shacks, do not, in my guide's expressive phrase, "look up the law every time we see a buck." "If we gets it in the season," he said, "why, then, you see, it's w'en you an' ef we gets it out of the season, why, then, it's not." The free-sensory of the guide is a fact, and a fact that is not after a game constable every time one man sees on another's table a suspicious sort of onion. But the law was not made for the mountaineers, anyhow, except in restraint of their seeking a market for their game. This they cannot do, because the retail dealer, too, is liable, and is always being watched. He won't buy, and so they can't

Food raised with Cleveland's baking powder has no bitter taste, but is sweet and keeps sweet and fresh.

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BAKING POWDER.
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ROYALTY'S DUMB FRIENDS.

ANIMAL PETS, AND THEIR TRICKS AND MANNERS.

One of the most marked and redeeming traits in the character of those august personages who regard themselves as "the anointed of the Lord" is their pronounced fondness for animals. Surrounding as they are from their earliest infancy by people who consider it their duty to say only such things as may be agreeable and pleasant, even at the expense of truth, and whose manifestations of devotion and loyalty are mostly of a purely self-interested and selfish nature, the monarchs and princes of the Old World find in dogs, horses and other domestic animals their best and indeed their only true friends. Living in a perfect network of intrigue, the objects of which are the favors, the honors and the gifts of one kind and another which they may have to bestow, they appreciate the fact that their four-footed friends are about the only living creatures who will not take advantage of the confidence and of the kindness of their masters to serve their own personal interests, and whose fidelity and devotion do not remain proportionate to, and dependent upon, the royal bounties received. Animals are the most discreet of friends. They thoroughly understand the confidences which it may please their master or mistress to impart to them in a moment of effusion, and never, under any circumstances, not even when smarting from the effects of neglect and injustice, have they ever been known to betray any of the secrets entrusted to them.

The sovereign in Europe who stands most in need of a friend and companion whose fidelity and loyalty are above all suspicion is the unfortunate Czar, who, like his predecessors on the throne of Peter the Great, has so often found himself deceived and betrayed by just those of his courtiers, his officials, and even his relatives upon whom he had bestowed the greatest amount of kindness. Under these circumstances it is not astonishing that he should place his principal reliance on a superb and huge Danish dog with short, mouse-colored hair and quite as big as a young dandy. The dog, a gift of his father-in-law, King Christian of Denmark, is the successor of a similar hound, which lost its life in the terrible railroad accident at Borki, when the imperial train was entirely destroyed, the Czar and Czarina escaping, all injury (save the shock to their nerves) in the most miraculous manner. Alexander's present dog is not only by his side when he walks out, asleep beside his bed at night, but is also always present when he grants audiences, smiling at strangers in an inquiring and sometimes suspicious manner, which is not without exercising a certain influence upon the treatment accorded by the Czar to his visitor.

All of royalty's pets are not, however, of such aristocratic birth and imposing appearance as the Czar's dog. King George of Greece, for instance, is invariably accompanied wherever he goes by a little mongrel cur, to which he is deeply attached, and of which he came to be the owner in a rather curious way. He was at some manœuvre on the top of a hill watching the movements of his troops, when suddenly the little dog made its appearance, and the King knew whence, and attempted to discharge it. It was fruitless, and it remained there until the end of the review. When the King walked to his carriage the little dog trotted in front of him as proud as Punch, with his tail erect, and before any one could interfere, scrambled into the carriage. Arrived at the palace, he darted in first and insisted on remaining with the King. His Majesty, who is slightly superstitious, declared that the dog's persistency was a good omen, and that at any rate he had one faithful friend. Since that day the dog has slept in the King's bedroom and has rarely ever left him. It is a most supercilious little fellow, and never takes notice of any one save His Majesty, whom it seems to adore. I may add that M. Trioupiou, who may be regarded as the foremost statesman in King George's dominions, and who has repeatedly held the office of Premier, is singularly distinguished for the store set by him on canine friendship. One day when he was crossing from the Piræus to Constantinople on board an English steamer his dog fell overboard. Trioupiou, who was not in office at the time, and a stranger to the captain, entreated the latter to stop the vessel in order that he might rescue the hound.

"Impossible," replied the Englishman, "my orders are very strict; I dare not stop even were it a man instead of a dog drowning."

"Good!" ironically answered the Greek, and at the same time he sprang over the ship's side and swam toward his dog, although sharks abound in these waters. The sequel may be guessed. The English captain could not resist such a spectacle of pluck, and in spite of his strict orders to the contrary, he stopped the ship and saved both man and dog.

Far more dainty and aristocratic in appearance than the King of Greece's cur is the ruler of Bulgaria's Pomeranian Spitz, presented to him by Queen Victoria on the occasion of his visit to Balmoral a couple of years ago. The animal is one of the progeny of the Queen's particularly favorite, "Maroo," whose picture, standing on His Majesty's breakfast table, was exhibited at the Royal Academy last spring, and is reproduced in a recent number of "The London Graphic." Prince Ferdinand's dog seems to have inherited all the impudence of his illustrious parent at Windsor, and is cordially hated by the members of the household of the Prince, who spoils him tremendously, laughing at all his various pranks and mischievousness, no matter how disagreeable or offensive they may be to those present. Indeed, it should not at all be astonished to hear of his death by poison, his assassination being far more probable than that of his royal master, notwithstanding all assertions to the contrary.

The present Pontif has no predilection for animal friends, differing therein from many of his predecessors, notably from Pope Pius VII, whose little terrier, Misi, played an important part in the relations of His Holiness with the First Napoleon. Misi did not attempt to conceal his sentiments of hatred toward the French Emperor, and each time that the latter visited Fontainebleau for the purpose of conferring with the Holy Father it was wont to snap at the silk stockings that enced the imperial legs. Napoleon did not like dogs, and got so exasperated one day by Misi's antics that he besought His Holiness to send the creature out of the room, a request to which the Pope paid no attention. The next interview that took place between Pius and the Emperor commenced badly. The Emperor, who was in an irritable frame of mind, began by remarking, "I had besought Your Holiness to spare me this disagreeable meeting with your dog." As on a previous occasion, the Pope turned a deaf ear to this remark. The discussion thereupon assumed an angry tone, and Napoleon, being like all

Italians, very animated in his gesticulations, led the little dog to believe that his venerable master was in danger of peevish violence. Flying at the Emperor, he dug his sharp little teeth through the silk stockings into the leg of the Emperor, who, wild with rage, seized the animal by the neck and swung it through the open window into the courtyard, a hundred feet below. The Pope was so much overcome with excitement at the sight that he fainted, and it was only after his restoration to consciousness that the news was gently broken to him that poor little Misi's back was broken. This incident was not without wielding a powerful influence upon the subsequent relations between the Pontiff and that great Emperor whom he so contemptuously apostrophized to his face as "comedian."

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland divides her affections between her pigeons, who are so tame that they will eat from nobody's hand but hers, and a very funny-looking and shaggy Shetland pony, which she either rides or drives every day, and which she knows how to urge into a lively drive or gallop.

Kinz Leopold of Belgium has no animal friends, but the Queen has, and lavishes her affections upon horses, especially upon her favorite Clarimo, an animal of rare intelligence, to whom she has taught fifty various tricks, all of them being performed without other apparent influence than that conveyed by a look or a gesture. Her sister-in-law, the Countess of Flanders, who is destined eventually to succeed to her position as Queen of Belgium, has a predilection for dogs, and possesses almost as many canine favorites as Queen Victoria.

The pets of the British royal family have been described at such length quite recently in "The

Idler" and other magazines that nothing more than a passing reference is needed here to Queen

Victoria's favorite dogs, who accompany her wherever she goes, namely: Spot, a fox

terrier; a black and tan collie named Roy,

and a brown-colored Spitz called Marco.

Prince of Wales has a special affection for the

Prince Dimont, Venus by name, which

formerly belonged to the late Duke of Clarence,

and is now rarely away from the Prince's side.

The particular pet of the Princess, which has oc-

cupied a perch in her royal mistress's dressing-

room for the last fifteen or twenty years, is a

white cockatoo with a salmon-colored crest sur-

mounting its quaint and somewhat venerable

countenance. Cockie, for that is his name, ob-

jects to wearing feathers during the hot summer

weather, and carefully removes from his person

each one as it grows, with the sole exception of

those on his head, neck and tail, which he pos-

sibly believes add dignity to his appearance and

enable him better to support his character as the

chief pet of the Princess. His lung power is

terrible, and may possibly have contributed to the

Princess's deafness. He is a most affectionate bird,

and loves to rub his head against her cheek while

gracing her shapely fingers with his big black

claw.

It would take me too long to enumerate the pets

of all the sovereigns and princes of the Old World.

There is, however, curiously enough, only one of

them who manifests any affection for cats. It is

the Shah of Persia, who is so fond of them that

he has some fifty feline favorites which are gener-

ally to be found in his apartments, and to which

he has assigned officials and attendants of

their own. They also have their own special

room where they assemble at certain hours to

have their meals. On his summer excursions they

all accompany him, being carried by special men

on horseback, in cages lined with velvet. The

favorite of the lot used to be a large gray cat

called Babr Khan, which may be translated as

Prince Tiger. When the Shah lunched or dined

Babr Khan was always let into the room, and some-

times His Majesty fed the cat with his own exalted

hands. Once, while in camp, Babr Khan dis-

appeared and was searched for in vain. A servant

who had made fun of the cat and been heard to

remark that it was better out of the way was ar-

rested on suspicion of having caused the animal's

disappearance. He was carried to Teheran in

chains, flung into a dungeon and was never heard

of again. Nor was the cat. EN-ATACHE.

BACTERIA IN EGGS.

AND HOW THEY GET THERE.

Professor C. T. Mcintosh, in Science.

In "Science" of August 1, Mr. Brannon asks for some information in regard to the decay of eggs. Some two years ago a student in the hygienic laboratory was given the problem to determine whether the putrefaction of eggs was due to bacteria entering the egg as it passed through the ovipositor or through the shell after the egg was laid. The results obtained were not satisfactory or conclusive, but as they may throw some light on the subject they are given (from memory) for what they may be worth. Many observations made from stale eggs in order to determine whether the putrefaction was due to a specific germ or to a number of different germs. Several species were found.

A healthy laying hen was obtained and after repeated washings in a solution of mercuric iodine, followed by sterile water, she was placed in a sterilized cage. The hen continued to lay regularly every other day. The eggs were obtained as soon as possible after being laid, and a portion of them were placed in sterilized cotton and then in an incubator. If my memory is not at fault, all of those eggs decayed and swarmed with bacteria.

The remaining eggs were taken as soon as laid, and cultures were made from their contents. Some of these culture tubes developed; others remained sterile. After some days the hen was killed, and with proper aseptic precautions culture tubes were inoculated from various portions of the ovipositor. Most of these tubes developed. It would seem from this one case that the putrefactive bacteria entered the egg in its passage down the oviduct and before the shell was formed.

But to conclude that all eggs when laid contain putrefactive bacteria is not warranted. It is a matter of common household observation that a few eggs do not decay, no matter how long they may be kept, and the further fact that eggs packed in some dry material, as sawdust, vermiculite, etc., and those greased or coated with gelatin, etc., seem to keep longer than those left in the open air, would seem to indicate that the bacteria entered through the shell.

I regret that these experiments were not com-

pleted. The point is one of considerable hygienic and even commercial importance and one that needs but a little careful work to settle beyond question.

A LATH AND PLASTER CUR'RH.

From The London Daily Graphic.

The little hamlet of Hazledean, in Essex, possesses as curious a little church as can be found anywhere in the kingdom. It is built of lath and plaster, which strike one as being singularly mean building materials for a church. However, whatever one may say with regard to the materials, the charge of inconsistency certainly cannot be brought against this little church, for everything about it is mean and dirty, from the inside of the door to the roof. The church is situated on the site of a neighboring farm, to the south of the main road, and is a collection of rakes and spades in one corner. The name of the church is given to a roughly raised-off strip of the east end of the church-like edifice. The pews, which are not as other pews, but are like little square sheep pens, in which four people sit, two on each side, face to face after the manner of a railway compartment, have of course fallen with the floor, which slopes away in all directions. Viewed from either end, the body of the church presents a decidedly billowy aspect, as all the pews are pitched at a different angle. There are about ten of these pens in all, and they are of a dirty gray color, which was perhaps once white; a few ancient vellum-bound hymn books and Bibles lie on the floor. The pulpit consists of a shelf on another box, this serves for reading desk as well as pulpit, and over it projects a lath and plaster canopy, all begrimed and dusty. An old man who had actually been to a service in this queerest of all churches, and who told me that the interior was as being less dusty. The service was a dreary one, continued for some time, and the congregation, consisting of the sexton, the vicar, and a few "gentlemen," whom resident of the hall when the Essex Almonies flourished at Hazledean. Many will of course know the "one of the Almonies" referred to by name, was the famous actor and "master of the King's beads," who, on his retirement from the stage in 1662, founded the College of God's Gift at Dulwich.

WORLD'S FAIR EXCURSIONS VIA ERIE LINES. Next personally conducted excursion leaves New-York, Chambers-st., 10:35 a. m., Wednesday, Sept. 20, arriving Chicago 4:35 p. m. next day. Elegant new coach, with extra seats, and special excursion rates in attendance. Special coaches for families and ladies without escort. Rate, \$18. Tickets good ten days, with privilege of stopping en route. Fall. Similar excursions on Sept. 23 and 30.

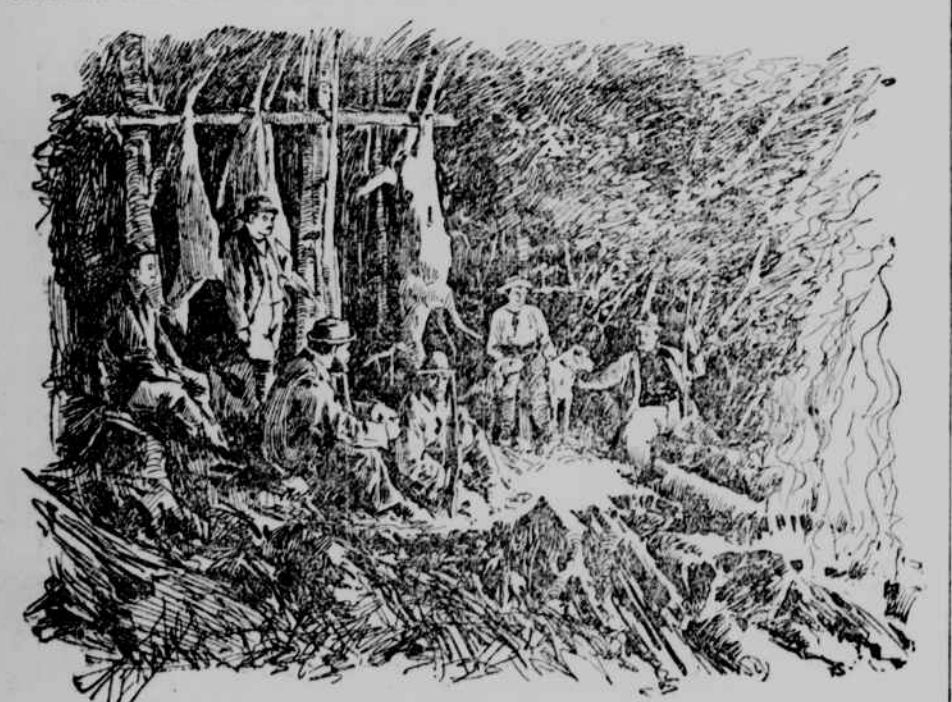


INDIAN PASS.

(Photographed by Stoddard.)

or especially and-so-forth, he must go further away than the Adirondacks. But most hunters are not so hard to suit. A nice 150-pound buck is good enough for them, with an occasional bear and a few foxes thrown in, and all of these are easily had in the country I am describing. There are lots and lots of good fat partridges, too, nearly as plump as prairie chickens and some fun can be had in an incidental sort of way by taking a shot at a blue heron, or a loon, or a big, white, fluffy owl. And as to the fishing, there are resources other than trout. If the trout bite, to be sure, it is scarcely worth while to know about anything else. But trout have been known to be wayward as well as wary. They are almost as capricious as women, with whom, indeed, they have numerous points in common.

Not that I know much about women, but I have read "Lucile," "As You Like It" and some of Mr. Howell's story-books, and I know a cold brook just off this mountain road where the trout act very much that way. There is an ellipsis here, but any one who has read "Lucile," "As You Like It" and the story-books can easily supply it. The brook is dammed at a certain place, and below the dam is a swift rapid. A convenient rock enabled me to stand where I



ADIRONDACK HUNTERS.

(Photographed by Stoddard.)

could see through the clearest water that ever was into a deep hole, and without being seen by its speckled inhabitants. There were thirty or forty of them huddled together near the bottom, as beautiful a picture as eyes could ask to see. I cast my net, and didn't they shoot and flash! They darted upward like so many streaks of light, but not a flit of them took the fly. Not one. They just simply glanced at it out of the corners of their little eyes and dashed away. Then, as the fly was drawn along the surface of the water, they would follow it, turn, and dart off. They would come back, swim lazily by and around it, as much as to say, "You really do not interest us at all, whereas, of course, they were just dying to snatch it. They would peek at it and almost peek at it, but they wouldn't be hired to bite it, and so, having read "Lucile," "As You Like It" and Mr. Howell's story-books, I know that speckled trout and lovely woman are moved by a common impulse.

The stretch of road I have mentioned is most suitably reached from the Delaware and Hudson Railroad at Port Henry, a station on the lower part of Lake Champlain. A line of stages runs west from Port Henry to Schron River, thence west to the Boreas, and on to Newcomb and Long Lake, these being the postoffices on the route. The wilderness and the fun begin just after you leave Schron River.

Another way of reaching this beneficent piece of road is by the Delaware and Hudson to North Creek, along the Adirondack Railroad from Saratoga northward. This little line, now controlled by the Delaware and Hudson, was built by the late Mr. Durant, the promoter and first president